


PS 3513
.A62 C7
1912
Copy 1

Crumbs *of* Thought



By

MISS M. J. GARDINER



PROVIDENCE,

RHODE ISLAND



CRUMBS OF THOUGHT



BY

MISS M. J. GARDINER
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

753513
.A62C7
1912

Copyright 1912

By

MISS M. J. GARDINER

\$.20

©Cl.A328781

201

new 011111

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Let us send glad Christmas greetings
To our neighbors far and near;
Throw them broadcast, scatter blessings,
Help the sorrowing smile through tears;
Let them reach some homeless wanderer
Gray with age, and sore with care;
Let sweet childhood memories ponder
On those days, when blessings rare
Mingled songs with mother's prayer.



WHEN THE MISTS HAVE PASSED

AWAY

When the mists have passed away
And the shadows disappear,
From this life of toil and wander,
Where we blindly plod with tears
We shall learn His righteous wisdom
Calming all our doubts and fears,
Feel the sunshine of His glory,
Hear the angels tell the story ;
When the mists have passed away.

When the mists have passed away
And death's angel leads the way,
Through the valley, and the shadow,
Till we sight that other shore,
Shall we see some loved ones waiting,
Waiting, watching as of yore ?
For the mists have passed away ?

When the mists have passed away,
And the angels at our coming
Open wide the mystic way,
We shall throw our soul's tired weeping
Back to earth, and leave behind
"Footprints in the sands of time?"
Will these memories intertwine
Friendship, love, and truth divine?

Let us gather up the fragments
Of a life of toil and striving,
And with love and patience trusting
Through the sunshine and the storming,
We shall see through cloudy shadows,
And behold the silvery lining
When the mists have passed away.



THE BOOK OF LIFE

In the Book of Life as we turn the leaves over
And read from its pages a line of the past;
We see through time's shadow and wonder, if ever
We'll learn some good lesson from the past that
will last;

No matter which way our footsteps may stray,
There's a lesson of patience, forgiveness and
love;

There are times we may brighten with smiles by
the way,

The sorrowing mourner who plods the long day,
And throw in each pathway a branch like the dove,
That tells them there's sunshine to brighten the
way.



WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter, the when or where
The death angel hovers,
And shadows the near?
If the faces of loved ones
Bend lovingly near
To catch our last whisper,
We'll meet over there.

What does it matter
Though mid silence and tears,
God's angel of mystery
Frees the soul from all cares?
Through the sorrow at parting,
Shines the glory of meeting,
Over there somewhere, somewhere.



SOMETIME

Sometime, somewhere, and in some way we shall throw off this mortal life, and soar above earth's cloudy rays, to meet the sunshine of that other life. When all life's mysteries are made clear to our tired searchings after truth, to satisfy our hungry souls, we shall throw our burdens to the floating breeze, and catch the glimpse of glory shining through the realms of eternity's mystery; where time is not measured by the setting sun, or seasons change the radiance of the noonday's ray. Yes, we shall live again. But where?



MEMORY'S LANE

I stray sometimes, when the sun dips low
And the shadowy twilight creeps on to the night,
Down memory's lane, through its crooked, wild
ways;

To see if the Fate's somewhere in their flight,
Left a balm that would charm all our sorrow away.

The stars winked and blinked in their frolicsome
glee,

And the moon in her glory sailed happy and free.
But the winds softly whispered, "no, nothing but
tears.

And the hope of that meeting, somewhere, some-
where?

Be patient! and trust till life's mysteries are cleared
In that realm of eternity's glorified sphere.



WHEN

I shall hear your voices when I've stemmed the
river's tide ;

I shall feel the love you gave me, when I'm on the
other side ;

I shall shout glad hallilujah, when the veil is drawn
aside ;

And with outstretched arms of welcome hold you
to my heart again.



BIRTHDAY WISHES

Just enough weeping to lay the dust in life's path-
way;

Just enough sorrow to grasp every blessing,
And smiling, scatter love's light by the way.
Just enough glory to save from transgressing,
And reach out a blessing that helps lead the way,
Through clouds of misfortune, and find by the way
Love's bright, golden sunshine through each cloudy
day.



DEC 14 1912

Additional copies may be obtained
by addressing Miss M. J. Gardiner,
51 West Central St., Franklin, Mass.,
or the Printer, Franklin Job Print,
25 East Central Street

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 210 9